

## Womba

## Bat Wing Strikes Again

And Harry has the sympathy of all salesmen, bank managers, social workers, elected bodies, fishmongers and ticket collectors after receiving customer complaints head on and not via a secretary.

He had no idea what the shouting was above his head or where he was?

“Must be sea gulls squabbling over a rubber chicken,” he assured himself.

But he was wrong for they were nowhere near the breezy sea.

And Harry with wide eyes spied Bat Wing with many escaping passengers aboard and said, “I am not one of them.” And he was right for he had been left behind as a brave rear guard without getting asked; perhaps a volunteer.

Then the horrid Fiends had him and were to chop him good but heard his magic words:

“Summer sale, credit cards accepted, everything must go,” so the Fiends put down their choppers and put out the flaming torches about to set the Garrison Hut ablaze with all its bad pongs and rancid essences, bed bugs and fleas so Harry did not do his friends any favours: for they wanted new accommodation like the regular army boys of the Duke get. *Oh yes and a half gnawed lonely rubber chicken lay on the hut’s floor*

Running baths for orphan boys run back and forth to the moat. Good army food of six and twenty black birds in a pie; and the fancy clothes the Duke’s men wore.

And Alicadabara and The Mage wanted Bat Wing brought down from where sea gulls glide.

Alicadabara because he was mean and knew it was a long way down for escapees to fall for below a field of nettles for Alicadabara had a dark streak in him.

And The Mage because if anyone was escaping it was him so was mean too.

So Alicadabara waved his bandaged wand and poofed redness with little black smudges in front of Bat Wing who was now afraid for the poof was a red dragon with black soot smudges. And Bat Wing knew she was not dreaming for her passengers screamed, “Let’s get out of here,” or “There’s a fire breathing dragon up front,” or “How do we get this stupid bat to turn about,” and “We are dead” and “Banana roaster,” which is gorilla for dragon.

And The Mage sent a strong homing instinct to his bat.

And left the tower to see what Womba was doing for he was not on his bat and found him lying near in an untrained dog’s unmentionables.

And is why Bat Wing suddenly dived at 800 mph for the tower and those aboard were terrified.

Why Apes fell off or *might have been pushed* and fell through the tower roof for it had holes you know. And hit a thick oak rafter below that stopped him crashing into the solid cold stone floor

“First one down,” The Mage

But did not see Apes fall off the rafter and through a hole in the solid cold floor and land in a XXX barrel that The Mage was brewing for he sold it to Harry who sold it to

Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha. Now Apes was in it with bits of gorilla fur, drowned fleas, squashed papaya fruit and an XXX cork; adding the flavour of the farm.

“Ten green bottles floating in wine,” a rat swam happily about near Apes.

And Apes swam across the vast barrel and swallowed much XXX. And he knew when swimming to keep his mouth closed so had no excuse to stagger out of the barrel and fall face flat on the cellar floor with this sound, “Burp.”

And inside he was angry for falling off a bat at 800 mph. hitting an oak rafter, a XXX barrel and almost drowning for not keeping his mouth closed while swimming across it; so wanted to “Kill kill kill,” for temper and XXX do not mix.

He was blind drunk like daddy on weekends.

So started the long trek upstairs for each step was a mountain to legs that tottered that belonged to an Ape seeing pink bananas.

And was lucky for everyone there were a thousand steps to climb so was exhausted when he got to the top; so now just wanted a quiet corner to lie and whimper in and suck his thumb for his head ached something and his tummy wanted to puke.

He was hung-over and serves him blooming right.

But before he collapsed allowed something in at the front door, something that had been lying in unmentionables.

Something Book belonged to so was unpopular but because he was a drunk gorilla no one complained.

And Bat Wing zoomed by within reach of the Lost Patrol who wanted on and did get on for they outnumbered Conan thirty to one and he was no longer Conan The

Barbarian but Conan the Incontinent; he who should have asked Christina if she was his girl to escape on Bat Wing to populate The Wilderness Trail with little Conan's. But he hadn't, just thrown her over his shoulder and jumped on Bat Wing with spurs, and any bat seeing spurs doesn't need being told twice to get going. Long sharp silver spurs for kicking were-wolfs met on the Wilderness Trail out of the way.

Except a primate fed up of shaking Womba for pennies saw a better life elsewhere for when a stripes sends the kid to the rear it must be bad, 'We are all about to die and there did be no little gorillas swinging from banana trees.' So Bat Wing seeing Apes coming didn't need telling thrice to get flying and as he flew past a rafter Apes jumped aboard with these words, "Ook."

"I am still not one of them passengers," Harry moaned selling plastic dinosaurs to Fiends who thought they needed them to gather dust above their mantle pieces.

And the Lost Patrol hung onto anything so Conan screamed and shrieked these words, "Let go of me Yee Burkes."

While some hung onto each others thingamajigs with these words, "Ooooh," so were true fairies indeed and some to money belts that burst, showering Fiends below with manna from Heaven so Harry was happy too, for more plastic dinosaurs to put around the bath was bought.

And soon the Lost Patrol realised they had not been saved for a red dragon with snoot smudges was up ahead breathing fire on them.

So many instantly became bald and where left needing wigs.

*"I can supply those,"* a salesman's whisper.

And since money belts had twanged away there was nothing left to hold up the pink pantaloons that dropped away to a salesman below who would sell them back as soiled goods. And yes the Lost Patrol it seems where responsible for many essences as they had not changed their unmentionables.

The foul regular army boys.

And The Mage who had used a whip on Bat Wing many times but also fed it oysters so was a paradox himself felt sorry, so sent a rain cloud to cool the bat down and put out dragon breath.

And Bat Wing slowed down buy the extra luggage found she could safely follow Apes through the hole in the roof, hit a rafter and splash below in a XXX barrel and get drunk.

“I will murder it,” The Mage a paradox for on his chest a ‘Be kind to dragons’ button.

And The Mage was wrath for he could hear many regular army men in his barrel polluting it in their unwashed unmentionables.

*“Never mind, I will buy it reduced as damaged goods and sell it to Bertha’s clients as hundred year old XXX at a top price,”* that salesman whispers again as he buried his cash taken from happy Fiends returning home with sacks of plastic dinosaurs.

And a peeved red dragon with soot stains needing to vent its stress on a stress dummy saw Harry so singed him crisp.

“Why me, I never done the world a wrong turn, don’t I make everyone happy with my plastic dinosaurs,” Harry and was not whispering but shouting as he jumped about on fire for dragon’s breath had covered him.

And all his disgruntled customers pretended they never noticed him, my they had shoes to polish and suppers to make and linen to change.

And Harry luckily fell into the past its sell-by date moat and the fire was put out.

“Why if it isn’t Harry?” Arawan.

“Go away,” Harry meekly.